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Heritage of Heart

And did the final Squaddie's boot
(Let me sleep now) sever
the spinal chord?

(Lord God of Hosts be with us yet)
And did we Yanks enshroud in ice

a one we beat and scared
(Be with us yet)

to death?
How mine eyes

have seen the glory
of cumulus so brilliant

from my tropic strand!(Such burst-
ing floods of white!) A surf-

er glides ahead of golden
wind, then folds him far
within the spiraled eye

he's rendered
dark.

In this world

I saw something that nobody

You tell me to find someone
else to love

ever saw in this world,
said Mr Nawaf.* Each time

I see you again
There were children's bodies
cut into pieces, women

You walk by and I fall to pieces
cut into pieces,

Each time someone speaks your name
men cut into pieces.

You tell me to find someone else to love
ever saw in this world
You walk by and I fall to pieces

You something fall world bodies children,
children to love.

*quoted in Guardian

Children are a nation

sovereign in beauty.
Each breath precious
as love, their laugh-

ter a music
the gods
die to hear.

If you hurt one
in anger

you can know
forgiveness.

By war, you'll
lay you down to sleep not
man nor woman

but a sack of roaring bones.